

Like bees, that finds their way to the flowers  
Love finds a way

Pure water like pure love is hard to find

You are my moon that lights my path

If God loves me, why did he allow me  
to go without food and heat?  
As summer change to winter  
Like the roses in my garden  
Our summer love die

Our love that summer  
Was like water droplets  
resting on my cherry tree,  
After a cool summer rain

Tiny rain droplets of our summer love  
resting on the cherry  
After a night of heavy rain

Fine rain falls on the summer lovers...a cool delight. ...

Old eyes showing dreams that never came true  
There in a small bible on a park bench in Cambridge Maryland  
an old man wrote about his past loves and better days  
as the sun crossed the sky one more time from east to west

Flat stomach, long graceful legs  
In a light blue sundress  
Eating crabs under my cherry tree

From Grandma's kitchen  
the aroma of Steamed crabs  
And fresh corn on the cob

Sweet lips, Flat stomach, long graceful legs  
In a light blue sundress  
Kissed me  
As the moon looked on

There is no breeze in my soul tonight  
everything is calm-

Hot summer day on the crabbing river  
as the sun Gives life to the river

From inside her soul where love lives  
A whisper "I love you too"

Lost in the river fog  
an old man sails home  
For the last time

Between sunset and sunrise  
Sweet lips, Flat stomach, long graceful legs  
In a light blue sundress loved me

The New Year has come and gone; and my life is the same  
Windy day, my cherry tree is blooming, crabs are swimming, and fish are  
jumping